



AAYC
QUARTERLY

SUMMER 2011 | ISSUE #84



BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE
ARTS ALLIANCE OF YAMHILL COUNTY

PHOTO BY MARILYN SHAVER



PHOTO BY GAIL WATSON

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

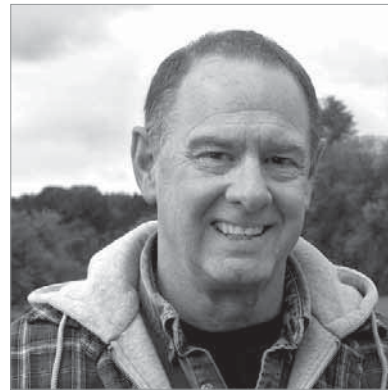
STEVE LONG

It's been said that life is like a pencil without an eraser: You write your story and live with the results. (Which is good to remember when getting your girlfriend's name tattooed on your body.) Nevertheless we do, sometimes, get the chance to make amends, and this is mine.

Last year we featured an article by Linfield College Associate Professor Brian Winkenweder. It was a wonderful piece, and I believed it would set a high water mark for our publication. The problem was, many of us couldn't read it. The move from computer screen to paper resulted in print that was too small and too faint for older eyes. Since that faux pas I've looked for an opportunity to reprint the piece and do it justice. I'm pleased that with this issue I'll fulfill that goal.

I'm especially thankful to do it now because this will be my last issue as editor. After four years at the helm, I feel that it's time to give someone else a chance. Maybe that someone is you. If you'd like to know what's involved, write me at info@artsallianceyamhillco.org.

This is also an opportunity to acknowledge the generous folks who have assisted, guided, corrected, contributed and, in general, kept me from messing up too badly. I might as well start at the top by thanking Linda Watkins, Barbara Drake and Lisa Weidman – the former and current AAYC Board presidents. Without their support the Quarterly would be impossible. I'd also never have had the courage to attempt this position without Mike Santone's help, so thank you Mike. Shanna Ruyle took anything I sent her and made it look wonderful. Special thanks to Yan Ardianto, who



stepped up to fill the gap when Shanna moved on. Jina Oravetz took a load off me when she offered to compile the Calendar of Events. Pat Myers not only corrected my spelling and punctuation, but also kept the articles properly focused on art. We miss you, Pat. Thanks to folks like Susan Day and Marilyn Shaver for timely articles. (I've undoubtedly forgotten someone in this category. Forgive me.) Beth Thompson does our copy editing. She's a delight; sharp, witty, accurate and a fine writer. Thanks also to Susan Watkins, Susan Parker, Phoebe Newman, Hank Slangle, Bob Zahniser and Karen Willard, all of whom I could call on for excellent poetry. Thanks to Ed Gans and Dee Boyles, each lending their special expertise to make the newsletter better. Thanks to Cathy Long. She's a better note-taker than I, and when I couldn't find time to do the work myself, Cathy did the interviews and wrote the articles.

And finally the biggest thank-you of all goes to the artists who took time to share their work and vision as either a Spotlight Artist or an Emerging Artist. My greatest satisfaction as editor was meeting such consistently talented and inspiring people. God bless y'all.



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ART, CRAFT, WINE, MUSIC AND, OF COURSE, LAVENDER

BY MARILYN SHAVER

The **Yamhill Lavender Festival** and **Plein Air Art Show** has become a premier event for all things lavender – and a lot more. This year’s Festival will take place July 9-10 at Beulah Park in Yamhill. The event is produced by the Yamhelas Community Resource Center, an organization that benefits several local charities, and admission is free, but donations of canned food are greatly appreciated.

The Plein Air Art Show is a popular part of the Yamhill Lavender Festival. More than 30 artists from around the country will participate, painting the lavender fields “en plein air” prior to the Festival. A variety of work from emerging and professional artists will be on display and available for purchase.

Foods containing lavender are another popular feature of the Festival. If you have never experienced lavender culinary delights, come sample a full meal or a snack. You can find traditional treats such as lavender lemonade and lavender scones, as well as some more unusual but tasty options, including lavender snickerdoodles, lavender preserves and even lavender beer. Many of the craft vendors will offer culinary options as well, including a variety of teas and spice blends, all containing lavender. Local wines will also be featured.

The music is considered the Festival’s best-kept secret. Fantastic, well-known musicians and vocalists will be on hand to entertain you. This year’s line-up includes Lisa Mann and Jeff Knudson, Peter Boesen and the Jazz Boes, Mary Kadderly and Dan Gildea, the Rae Gordon Band, and a special Saturday evening performance from the Sonny Hess Band.

There are numerous activities for children at the Festival. A children’s art show is a new addition this year. Face painting, pony rides, a playground and crafting activities are all focused on providing a great day for kids.

About 30 juried artists and crafters will share their work during the Festival. You’ll find a variety of categories represented: paintings, jewelry, pottery, leather, candles, fiber, personal care and more.

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Many wonderful items donated by local businesses and individuals will be raffled. These include original paintings, wine, gift baskets and more. All proceeds from the raffle benefit local charities and youth programs.

Of course, what would the Yamhill Lavender Festival be without lavender? Festival-goers can learn lavender crafts, purchase fresh-cut bouquets and find every kind of lavender product you can imagine – and probably some you can't. Lavender essential oil distilling will be ongoing at the park throughout the Festival. The big, antique copper still is a work of art and science.



FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT THE LAVENDER FESTIVAL,
VISIT WWW.YAMHILLLAVENDERFESTIVAL.ORG.

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ARTISTS' VILLAGE REVIVED BY BETH THOMPSON



Artists' Village is returning after a year's hiatus, promising to be bigger and better than ever. It will be July 9-10 in a new venue, under the oak trees at Linfield College.

For two years, the event, which showcases Oregon artists, was downtown amid Turkey Rama. "We took last year off to restructure," said Artists' Village founder Bill Miller, a commercial photographer. "This year's event will be far superior."

The dates were chosen deliberately to precede most summer art shows and festivals, Miller said. Also, the event coincides with Turkey Rama on Saturday, when a trolley will run between downtown, Wortman Park and Linfield.

Artists' Village was launched by McMinnville Sunrise Rotary Club as a fund-raiser. "We wanted to create a community event as well as a fund-raiser that would be different from other fund-raisers here," Miller said.

Knowing such events take time to reap benefits, Miller was surprised the event actually made a little money in 2008 and even a little more in 2009.

"This year we're transitioning into something bigger, to become known as Art in Mac," Miller said, noting that it will be a more representative name.

About 75 artists applied for about 50 slots in the juried art show. More than half were newcomers who had not previously shown their work here, Miller said. Jurors were seeking not only high quality but also variety, he added. Acrylics, oils, pencil, pen and ink, photography, fused glass, pottery, metal work and other sculpture will be shown.

"We've got a gamut of media and whole raft of new artists," Miller said. The show is open only to Oregon artists, and the fees are meant to keep it affordable and lucrative for them. One option is a \$200 fee plus 10 percent commission to Sunrise Rotary for its service projects. Another is for the artist to pay nothing up front, with 25 percent of sales revenue going to Rotary. Tents are supplied free of charge to all.

Emerging artists—one or two students selected by teachers as best in their senior class from seven area high schools—will get to exhibit and sell their work. They will receive \$100 each.

Cash prizes will be awarded to



— CONTINUED ON THE NEXT PAGE

people's choice winners: \$500 for first place, \$300 for second and \$200 for third, across all media. When this was initiated in 2009, Miller said, some artists were unhappy about not having professional judges, but the 900 "amateur" voters seemed to take it seriously, really studying the pieces. "As it turned out, the artists were tickled," Miller said.

The best-in-show cash awards are unusual if not unique for this type of art show, Miller said, adding, "We wanted them to get more than a ribbon." The \$1,000 in awards was made possible by the \$25 jury fee each artist paid.

New this year will be a demonstration area, created with the help of a grant from the Arts Alliance of Yamhill County and the work of former AAYC board member Mike Santone. All kinds of art, including culinary, will be demonstrated, Miller said.

Also, there will be music this year: jazz and bluegrass bands, as well as individual performers.

Wine tasting from seven vineyards in the Amity Hills viticulture area and some food will be available, "to add ambiance but not compete for dollars," Miller said. "We want to keep the focus on the art."

In addition to AAYC, sponsors include Yamhill Valley Cultural Coalition, WillaKenzie Estate/Ronni LaCroute, Oregon Mutual Insurance, West Coast Bank, First Federal, and Riverbank Landfill Waste Management.



ARTISTS' VILLAGE

When: July 9-10

9 a.m.-9 p.m. Saturday,

10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sunday

Where:

Linfield College Oak Grove, McMinnville

Admission: \$2

Information: www.ArtinMac.com or (503) 489-7327





IN REVIEW
terroir
 CREATIVE WRITING FESTIVAL
 BY GAIL WATSON

The second Yamhill County Terroir Creative Writing Festival was an event I enjoyed this year even more than the year before. The speakers were interesting and spoke on a wide variety of topics. The workshops were more “hands on” than the previous year, which many seemed to enjoy.

Jean Auel, who is one of my favorite authors, shared how she came to be a writer. *Clan of the Cave Bear* was the first book she had ever written. She taught herself to write. She read books on how to write, she did research, talked to people who knew what she needed to know, and developed her skill and knowledge of writing as she wrote and rewrote that first book many times. She traveled to many places in Europe, visited many caves and met and learned from people, who are experts in their field to accurately paint a picture with words of what life was truly like in the time of Ayla and Jondalar. She has finished the sixth and final book in her *Earth's Children* series, which I am reading now. She was very personable and easy to talk with.

I spoke with several people attending the event who were there for many different reasons. We all agreed it was a day well spent.

Although I am not a writer myself, I work with writers, and enjoy learning more about the “art of writing” so I can pass along what I learn to encourage others, perhaps helping them find their way a little more quickly. Jean Auel’s story is one I will be sure to pass on. There may even be a book inside of me!

The festival is sponsored by the Arts Alliance of Yamhill County with funding from the Yamhill County Cultural Coalition and other contributors.



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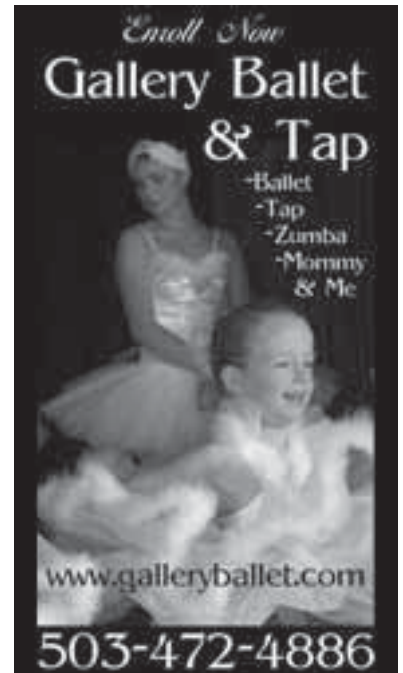
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DAYTON SENIOR WINS MARG JOHANSEN SCHOLARSHIP

The Arts Alliance of Yamhill County has awarded the \$500 Marg Johansen Scholarship to Gregory Morgan, a senior at Dayton High School.

Morgan has participated in every music venue offered at Dayton High, according to Penne Bryson, the school's band and choir director: concert choir, jazz choir, concert band and pep band. He has participated in both All State Band and All Northwest Band. This year he also played in the Portland Youth Conservatory Orchestra as principal trombonist. He takes lessons in piano, as well as trombone.

Morgan plans to attend Clackamas Community College for two years and then transfer to George Fox University, majoring in music and science education. He also hopes to continue to perform with the Portland Youth Philharmonic.

The \$500 award is named for Marg Johansen, a weaver and educator who died in 2004. She was an active member of the local arts community, and her work can be seen in many locations internationally. The scholarship is awarded annually to a graduating high school senior from Yamhill County who exemplifies artistic achievement and intends to pursue further education in an arts-related field: music, visual arts, dance, theater or creative writing.

Morgan is also one of six students to receive \$100 Student Recognition Awards from AAYC. These are presented annually to students nominated by their high schools as outstanding seniors in the arts. Besides Morgan, this year's recipients are:

FREYJA KOHLER, McMinnville High School, visual arts;

JILLIAN CONDIT, Sheridan High School, music, visual arts and theater;

ERIKA IVEY, Willamina High School, photography;

BRONTE STILLER, Media Arts and Communication Academy, visual arts;

JORDAN JOHNSON, Yamhill Carlton High School, visual arts.

SCHOLARSHIP DONATIONS REQUESTED

The AAYC is proud of the support our organization shows to local schools through grants and scholarships. Each year we get many talented, accomplished applicants for scholarships. The AAYC Education Committee would like to give more money to deserving students next year.

If you would like to donate to the AAYC scholarship fund, please send a check to the Arts Alliance of Yamhill County, P.O. Box 898, McMinnville, OR 97128. Your support will make a big difference to students interested in getting college degrees in the arts. Thanks for supporting arts education.

“HUMANNESS”

AND THE NECESSITY OF ART IN TROUBLING TIMES

BRIAN WINKENWEDER, PH.D., ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR AND CHAIR,
DEPARTMENT OF ART AND VISUAL CULTURE LINFIELD COLLEGE

In 1908, Henri Matisse wrote “[w]hat I dream of is an art of balance, of purity and serenity ... something like a good armchair in which to rest from physical fatigue.” Conversely, in 1945, Theodore Adorno claimed that “[t]o write poetry after Auschwitz is barbaric.” In a few paragraphs, I’d like to reconcile these seemingly irreconcilable positions because I believe both are simultaneously correct in their assessment of the role and value of the arts in our culture.

Indeed, during our excruciatingly slow economic recovery, many might side with Adorno’s suggestion that the arts are expendable given today’s cultural and fiscal climate. Not to trivialize Adorno’s point, but many suggest that to spend money on the arts is barbaric when our civic coffers are empty. This mindset insists the arts have no place in the budgets of our local, state and federal governments—be it for public spaces, public schools or publicly supported cultural institutions. I could not disagree more. We need the arts precisely because of the agonizing realities of daily life. Brand me a hopeless Romantic, but I believe the arts redeem us as human beings. They give us an opportunity to explore what it truly means to be human: to discover our ethics and values; to declare our concerns and needs; to divine the spiritual, the sublime and the profound.

Workers need an armchair to temporarily transport them from the dehumanizing, alienating ennui of the “rat race.” The arts, in all their forms, offer us an opportunity to transcend this mortal coil by indulging in sensory release, be it by listening to a symphony orchestra or rock album; looking at abstract painting or an intriguing installation; watching a play, dance or movie (in 3D nonetheless); or reading a poem, novel or comic book. These moments enable us to forget the oppressive and repressive realities of avaricious commerce whereby profit is the only altar to which our hyper-mediated society is willing to prostrate itself. Access to the arts must be free (or relatively cheap) and readily available—be it through our public libraries, public concerts or public museums. Why? Because we are a healthier, happier and more empathetic society when these so-called “frills” are readily available. These modern features of human culture strengthen us for combat against the atrocities of moral depravity—be it at Auschwitz, Abu Ghraib or even the local mall, where the friendly fascism of hyper-capitalism tyrannizes our desire to express ourselves freely.

We need Matisse’s armchair to help us combat the brutality of hyper-rationalism that leads to over-investment in the military-industrial complex and under-investment in our cultural institutions. We need to reconnect with our innate capacity for altruistic empathy and contest the pernicious logic of buying cheap plastic objects to make us (temporarily) feel better. The art museum is a lifeline that provokes and confounds—contemporary, avant-garde art (in all its forms) is necessary because it asks us to think critically about the culture we inhabit. Many still scoff at Jackson Pollock’s 60-year-old notion of flinging paint onto oversized canvases. Such work inevitably results in proclamations of, “My child could do that.” My reply is always: “Yes, your child could do that, and so should you.” Talk is cheap;

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do it and stop claiming that you could—there is a gulf between actions and words that few care to examine. To enter the arena of creative action (to paint, sculpt, draw, write, dance, etc.), to be on the precipice of an aesthetic unknown, to sit in Matisse’s armchair is not an idle and foolish activity. It only seems that way when we are culturally conditioned for efficiency whereby every action must be valuable as based on the only metrics that count—the almighty dollar. In contrast, to engage in an activity that may not result in a marketable object (indeed, the end result may not even be that “good”) is the very moment where one simultaneously can become lost in the absolute present and, by doing so, find oneself—to discover a truth about one’s existence free from the oppressive, goal-oriented, critical judgments of quality ... and quantity. Try this liberating experiment: Turn off the television, put on music you like, and write a poem about a painting you do not understand for no one to read. When you do this, you discover a new social reality where, for once, no one is hawking something to make a quick buck (the television is a pitchman’s paradise but an artist’s wasteland). We might share what we wrote, but we don’t have to—that’s the profound beauty of making art. Pundits and politicians preach about liberty and freedom as the American way of life, yet there is nothing as free as the art you create. It is your gift to yourself. That is why there must be art after Auschwitz (or Abu Ghraib), because it frees us from our worst manufactured insecurities. We must not allow ourselves to be carrion for rapacious vultures promoting the new, improved brand of auto-techno-beauty-fitness-cleanser. Let your art be your heart.

Adorno’s position is not as simple as Plato’s in *The Republic*, in which artists are banished from his utopia since they suggest a potential threat to the efficiency and authority of the government. Rather, Adorno’s point is that the arts have a responsibility to offer a

counter to the repressive logic of cultural hegemony: “Art, however, is social not only because of its mode of production. ... art becomes social by its opposition to society, and it occupies this position only as autonomous art.” That is, if there is to be art after Auschwitz, it must contest the dehumanizing and alienating features of capitalism, denigrating each of us to the role of consumer whereby the most life-affirming moment in our lives happens at the cash register—the exchange of cash or the swipe of our credit cards becomes that moment when we feel most alive. Or, as George W. Bush famously suggested, we can do our part against terrorism by shopping at the mall. What Adorno and Matisse emphasize (albeit through very different rhetorical tropes) is that the arts are a social sphere whereby we transcend the limitations of consumer society. To spend time looking at a painting at the local museum is to remove oneself from the easy convenience of commercial exchange. Even better, make your own painting with the left-over house paint in your garage on that extra plank of fencing you’ve yet to return to Lowe’s for a refund.

That’s right, if you wish to escape the bonds of the alienated, lonely crowd, make art or, at the very least, go to the Portland Art Museum and spend time in front of a perplexing image in the current exhibition or a painting in the Jubitz Center for Modern and Contemporary Art. What happens? You leave the hyper-rational logic of consumer reality and enter the irrational pataphysics of aesthetic reality. In this moment, one hopes, you encounter your “humanness” whereby you find yourself by becoming lost in the atemporal space of the visual arts in which the artist’s gesture and comment operates as a heroic venture in its own right. Most importantly, through contemplative looking, the viewer becomes equally as heroic as the artist—for to look

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is to create. And creating something from nothing (*ex nihilo*) is the very essence of being human. Art is necessary because it is the prime feature of human experience whereby we can openly interrogate our values and beliefs (without the semantic and syntactic limitations of language) in order to understand why we behave as we do.

One doesn't need Matisse to create the armchair; one should create it him or herself. We must reclaim and rediscover our "humanness"—a quality and capacity that can be communicated to the viewer through phenomenological means. The gift of art enables us to encounter, confront and contemplate our "humanness" in a context that, potentially at least, is free from the pressures of "hyper-modernity," namely the alienating trauma of repression so critical for the efficient promulgation of dehumanizing capitalism. Here emerges one of the most persistent metaphors in psychoanalytical art criticism, the therapeutic capacity of art to serve as a salve healing humans from the horrors of daily existence. By "humanness," I mean something more precise than either humanitas or humanity, both of which connote a common, collective experience and sense of community and social belonging. Rather, "humanness" connotes an exclusively individual experience, and confrontation of our own, unique sense of self—our subjectivity as distinct from another person's. Most importantly, it is the arts—literary, musical and visual—that trigger, if only momentarily, this confrontation with the self, this opportunity to transcend the trauma of daily life (that realm occupied by opposites and oppositions within humanity), a transfiguration that accords with the Nietzschean "will to power" (or therapeutic will) whereby opposites coalesce into a deification of experience. Make art for no one to see and realize the potential for being human by doing so. This is why we must continue to publicly encourage and fund the arts.

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RECURRING EVENTS

Newberg Art Walk. First Friday of each month 5-9 p.m. www.newbergartwalk.com

McMinnville Art Walk. Third Saturday of each month on Third Street

Back Door Studio Painters, Continuation Class. Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays. Cost varies with number of participants. Mary Bond, 503-435-1053. www.currentsgallery.com

Story Time & Crafts for families, at Evergreen Aviation Museum First Saturdays, 10 a.m. Free! 500 N.E. Capt. Michael King Smith Way. (Does not include entrance to the museum.) www.maclibrary.org

Teen Writer's Group Second Thursday of each month, 6-8 p.m. at Newberg Public Library. Join other middle- and high school writers in fine-tuning their craft and sharing their inspirations. Contact: K'Lyn Hann 503-554-7732 or klyn.hann@ci.newberg.or.us www.newbergoregon.gov/library/

Teen Advisory Board, first Fridays, Newberg Public Library. www.newbergoregon.gov/calendar/

Anime Club, Third Thursday of each month, 6-8 p.m., Newberg Public Library Annex. Open to middle- and high school youth; Join us and help select what gets added to the Young Adult anime collection. Contact: K'Lyn Hann: 503-538-7323 or klyn.hann@ci.newberg.or.us www.newbergoregon.gov/library/

Rookie Readers for 1st Graders, Second Wednesday of each month, 4-4:45 p.m., Newberg Public Library. Pick up your book at the Children's Reference Desk. www.newbergoregon.gov/library/

Talk It Up for 4th and 5th Graders, Fourth Wednesday of each month, 4-4:45 p.m., Newberg Public Library. Pick up your book at the Children's Reference Desk. www.newbergoregon.gov/library/

Back Door Studio Painters Group. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and the First Fridays of the Month. Cost varies. Contact Mary Bond, 503-435-1053. www.currentsgallery.com

Literary Arts. For info on Oregon book awards, literary fellowships, speakers and more: www.literary-arts.org/

There are always a variety of activities for all ages at your **local library**. Be sure to drop in or go to the website for the latest happenings. www.maclibrary.org/Programs.php and www.newbergoregon.gov/library

Chehalem Valley Dance Academy: 311 E. First St., Newberg, or 325 E. Third St., McMinnville. Phone: 503-537-3902

JULY

9: McMinnville Public Library. **Friends Book Sale.** 503-435-5562.

11-16: Gallery Theater. **Theater Camp for Kids.** 503-472-2227 www.gallerytheater.org/2008/speceventcamp.htm

11-27: Gallery Ballet. **Summer Ballet Sessions** Location: Eye of Lady Studio, 410 NE 3rd St. #4, McMinnville (Above Bella Casa) 503-472-4886 www.gallerytheater.org

18-21: Chehalem Cultural Center. **Muddy Paws. Karen White,** instructor. 503-487-6883. karen@chehalemculturalcenter.org

18-21: Chehalem Cultural Center. **Expressive Clay. Karen White,** instructor. 503-487-6883. karen@chehalemculturalcenter.org

18-23: Chehalem Cultural Center. **All Fired Up. Karen White,** instructor. 503-487-6883. karen@chehalemculturalcenter.org

19: Chehalem Cultural Center. **Hand-In-Hand Encaustic. Pam Nichols,** instructor. 503-487-6883. karen@chehalemculturalcenter.org

26: Chehalem Cultural Center. **One Day Wax on Wood Encaustic Workshops. Pam Nichols,** instructor. 503-487-6883. karen@chehalemculturalcenter.org

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JULY 28-Aug. 3, 11, 18: Currents Gallery.
Handbuilt Pottery, Elaine Walzl, instructor.
 503-435-1316. www.currentsgallery.com/CLASSES.html

AUGUST

2-30: Chehalem Cultural Center.
Clay Exploration. Karen White, instructor.
 503-487-6883.
karen@chehalemculturalcenter.org

3-31: Chehalem Cultural Center.
Wheel Throwing. Karen White, instructor.
 503-487-6883.
Karen@chehalemculturalcenter.org

4-Sept. 1: Chehalem Cultural Center.
Silver Casting Fabrication. Cindy Leffler, instructor. 503-487-6883.
karen@chehalemculturalcenter.org

5-7: **Willamette Shakespeare. All's Well That Ends Well.** Reed College Cerf Amphitheater, Portland. Contact: Willamette Shakespeare 503-852-1564, www.willametteshakespeare.org/ or info@willametteshakespeare.org/

5-20: **Gallery Theater. Humble Boy.**
 503-472-2227. www.gallerytheater.org/2008/shows2010humble.htm

6-27: Chehalem Cultural Center. **Painting Exploration and Techniques. Shannon Ray**, instructor. 503-487-6883.
karen@chehalemculturalcenter.org

6-27: Chehalem Cultural Center. **Drop-In Painting. Shannon Ray**, instructor. 503-487-6883.
karen@chehalemculturalcenter.org

12-14: **Willamette Shakespeare. All's Well That Ends Well.** Stoller Vineyards, Dayton. Contact: Willamette Shakespeare 503-852-1564, www.willametteshakespeare.org/ or info@willametteshakespeare.org/

15-18: Chehalem Cultural Center. **Muddy Paws Karen White**, instructor. 503-487-6883.
karen@chehalemculturalcenter.org

15-18: Chehalem Cultural Center.
Expressive Clay. Karen White, instructor.
 503-487-6883.
karen@chehalemculturalcenter.org

16: Chehalem Cultural Center.
Hand-In-Hand Encaustic. Pam Nichols, instructor. 503-487-6883.
karen@chehalemculturalcenter.org

19-21: **Willamette Shakespeare. All's Well That Ends Well.** Montinor Estates, Forest Grove. Contact: Willamette Shakespeare 503-852-1564, www.willametteshakespeare.org/ or info@willametteshakespeare.org/

20: Chehalem Cultural Center. **RAKU Sampler Karen White**, instructor. 503-487-6883.
karen@chehalemculturalcenter.org

22-25: **Chehalem Cultural Center. Shutterbugs. Karen White**, instructor. 503-487-6883.
karen@chehalemculturalcenter.org

23 and 30: Chehalem Cultural Center.
One Day Wax on Wood Encaustic Workshops. Pam Nichols, instructor. 503-487-6883.
karen@chehalemculturalcenter.org

SEPTEMBER

9-Oct. 1 **Gallery Theater. Into the Woods.**
 503-472-2227.
www.gallerytheater.org/2008/shows2010woods.htm

OCTOBER

14-Nov. 5: **Gallery Theater. The Nerd**
 503-472-2227
www.gallerytheater.org/2008/shows2010nerd.htm

LOVE IS ETERNAL — FOR AS LONG AS IT LASTS*

*(with apologies to Gabriel Garcia Marquez)

BY STEVE LONG

This is the story of two people, who, they were certain, loved one another unlike any couple who'd loved before. Indeed our heroes, that is to say Rhonda and Michael, believed their pairing was simultaneously miraculous and inevitable. Miraculous because the world was so large, so populated (overpopulated, Michael pointed out), they could have easily missed one another. For example, what if she'd been born in Australia and he in Denmark? Or worse, (they loved to contemplate how much worse it would be) what if Rhonda lived on Tenth Street and Michael on Euclid, so that they would have grown up in the same town but been assigned to different high schools?

Holding each other, they shivered at the thought.

In addition to the complications of geography in the here and now there was the matter of time to consider. This, too, was a favorite worry, much like the thrill of contemplating a horrible car crash: What if Rhonda were a Roman concubine, and Michael a modern-day aeronautical engineer? Or Michael an eighteenth century French aristocrat, and Rhonda a secretary in a Fifties steno pool? The possibilities of such tragedy were nearly more than she could bear.

And Michael too, of course.

And yet when they thought about it (and they thought about it a lot), how could they not meet and fall in love? How could nature or fate or karma construe to keep apart two people so compatible, nay, so perfectly matched? Such a cosmic aberration would be proof of God's nonexistence, for conceived as Rhonda and Michael were, one was incomplete without the other. Imagine a Holmes without a Watson. A Romeo without a Juliet. Impossible!

Thankfully, the opposite was the case.

Michael and Rhonda were together, and together offered an example of nature's rightness; a perfect rainbow perhaps, or a cascading waterfall. But even those were inadequate comparisons. Rhonda suggested they were more like the rainbow fashioned from the mist of that cascading waterfall.

At first she liked this new metaphor, but then modified it further saying, no, wait: He was the powerfully pounding force and she the delicate vapor of his essence. Yes, that was better. And probably (again Rhonda's suggestion) there were bluebirds swooping just outside the frame, though she couldn't quite manage incorporating them into her allegory.

(Frame? Michael wondered. Allegory?)

And if further proof of their inexorable destiny was wanted (although she didn't require any, Rhonda assured Michael), one need only recall the exquisite pain each felt when they were apart. (At least that's what she experienced, and Michael answered, well sure, he missed her too.)

It was this ache Rhonda both relished and hoped to assuage as she phoned Michael from her dorm room.

"Hello, Sweetheart," she breathed.

"Hey."

"I've got some news I think you'll like."

"I like it already," he said, a little breathy himself, a nuance that didn't go unnoticed.

With exaggerated suspicion Rhonda asked, "What are you doing?" hoping her teasing would mask the fact that she really wanted to know. "You sound, I don't know, busy?"

"Just came in from a run," Michael said. "Five miles along the lake. Weather's great. I feel great. I'm going to shower, then grab a beer with the guys."

There was a hesitation from Rhonda. Not much, just... "You ran without me?"

Michael laughed at the idea. "That's pretty much the only way I can, since you aren't here."

The phrase How could you? stuck in her throat — all summer they'd run together. But Rhonda did not allow the words to escape because part of being in love, of being one half of a perfect couple, meant allowing the other person to grow and experience

— CONTINUED ON THE NEXT PAGE

things even when they couldn't be together.

"Well," she said, coming back to the reason for her call, "my news is that I'm going to be home next week and I thought you'd want to be there."

This was welcome if somewhat confusing information. The school semester stood at mid-term and as far as Michael knew she was doing well. Coming home must mean something had gone wrong. On top of that, her phrasing seemed odd. Of course he'd want to be there, and in fact was there. Where else would he be if not home? Nevertheless, he wanted to be supportive, especially if she were in trouble. And he did miss her, so he said, "Cool."

Rhonda laughed in her tinkling bells way. "Cool? That's the best you can do?"

Michael may have been less than an orator but he was not stupid. In an instant he cut through the literal meaning of her words – spiced as they were with Rhonda's manufactured nonchalance – and produced, if not the perfect reply, then at least the understanding that much hung upon his answer. "Way more than cool. Fantastic!"

Having successfully parried, he advanced to an offensive position, one from which he'd never failed to score. So to speak. He lowered his voice, modulating to a pitch slightly above a guttural rumble so that his words had a tremulous quality somewhere between a Scottish burr and a Spanish trill. "I can't wait to get my hands in your hair. Down your back, under your"

"No, Silly," Rhonda interrupted. "Not home, home. Just in the neighborhood. Actually, I'll only be at the airport. Mom sent me a ticket to see her new place in Reno, and I have a stopover at PDX."



Michael recalculated faster than a high-end GPS. The airport was a two hour drive each way. If he made the trip (and certainly he would, because it had been what now? six weeks since she'd left, and therefore six weeks and one day since they'd ... said goodbye), the visit would eat a good chunk of his day. Nevertheless, this was Rhonda he was talking about, and perfection, he reminded himself, had its price.

"Okay," he said as enthusiastically as possible. "I'll grab us some lunch at Biscuit Heaven. It'll be a picnic. We'll just hang until your flight leaves."

Actually he was thinking if he could get her out of the airport and into the car they might do more than hang, but one step at a time Michael my boy. Don't forget, this was Rhonda-the-ideal he missed. All the rest, all the tussling, the sweaty nights (and mornings and afternoons), were only base expressions of the ethereal and pure love they both felt. If she only wanted to snuggle, snuggle they would.

On the other hand, if her layover was long enough they might get a room.

"Yoouu," Rhonda said, drawing out the word as if he'd tried to put over an obvious trick. "What do you think you're going to do? Give the sack to a baggage handler? Have a flight attendant bring me the sandwich?"

Once again Michael found himself behind the curve. "Hang on. Let me get this straight. You are coming to the airport, right?"

"Uh-huh."

"And you want me there."

"Well," Rhonda answered, clearly hurt. "I assumed you'd want to be."

Michael knew this was tenuous ground, but it seemed the time had come for forthrightness. "But you're saying I won't actually see you?"

Rhonda brightened a little. "It's not impossible. I might have a window seat and you could be in a spot to see the plane. I could wear a red blouse or something, so you'll know it's me."

— CONTINUED ON THE NEXT PAGE

“But I won’t actually see you. I mean, we won’t actually be together, like holding hands or anything.”

Rhonda hoped Michael wasn’t being intentionally obtuse, because that would just be cruel. Even more, she hoped he hadn’t lost the notion they were meant for each other, that their relationship was beyond special, it was one-of-a-kind, perfect, never to be reproduced. She quickly checked her list of superlatives and comparisons. All seemed intact, if somewhat precarious.

“Michael,” she said softly, knowing, as he did, there was something dangerous in the air. “Remember when you went camping with just the guys? Before you left you told me to go outside exactly at nine and look at the moon, because you’d be looking at the same moon at the same time so it would be like we were together?”

Michael did remember. It was a pleasant recollection and he told her so.

“All right, then,” Rhonda said, relieved. “This is the same thing. We can talk on our cell phones while I’m on the ground. You’ll be in the parking lot not a quarter mile away, so we’ll be practically together.”

Michael pictured himself not in the parking lot but in the cell phone waiting area. The parking lot would cost twelve dollars, and he might not have a signal in the concrete structure anyway. And that after a two hour drive, with another two hours ahead. He did love her, but for goodness sake . . .

“You can’t,” he swallowed hard, “be serious.”

Ten minutes ago, ten seconds, she might have been cajoled, dissuaded. But his tone now, his presumption that she wasn’t worth the effort, well, that was really too much.

“I have never been more serious,” she said, seriously. “Let me ask you something. Are we in love or not?”

Grateful for the ambiguity he answered, “Well, sure.”

“Which means we would do anything for one another?”

“Pretty much, yeah.”

Rhonda pulled the phone from her ear,

looked at the mechanism as if it were defective, and tried again. “Pretty much? Pretty much isn’t the right answer, my friend. Not by a long shot it isn’t. Pretty much means, no, not anything.”

Yes, she delivered this vehemently, and yes, she was truly stung. But even now Rhonda believed she was practicing tough love, and in doing so all would be rectified. Meaning Michael would come to his senses. After all, when you came down to it he was just a man, and therefore allowances would have to be made.

Regrettably, it was at this moment Michael had a revelation. The sensation was a warm, bright light. It was the sun. It was clarity. Or maybe it wasn’t any of those things, but it felt good and made him laugh.

“You gotta be freakin’ kiddin’ me.”

This was not the response Rhonda had hoped for. It was not a response, in fact, she knew how to deal with.

“Michael!”

“I mean, come on. You want to talk? We can talk. I’d love to talk. But I can do that from here. I don’t need to drive eighty-five miles, sit in my car, blah, blah, blah for ten minutes, and drive eighty-five miles home. That’s just dumb.”

“MICHAEL?!”

His name, albeit shouted, was all she could manage. Her world, that bright and shining Camelot, the rainbows and the waterfalls, and yes, even the bluebirds somewhere off screen, had in that moment evaporated, dried up, flown away. Rhonda would never again feel the same. Never again be certain she had given perfect love and been loved perfectly in return.

She could barely breathe. The air had been sucked from her room. She could not continue the conversation, and so set down the receiver in its cradle, causing the slightest click in Michael’s ear.

“Rhon?” Michael said. “Honey?”

But it was too late and he knew it. Like Rhonda, he would never again feel the same. So Michael showered and shaved and dressed. And then he drove to the pub to meet his pals.

FIVE JOIN AAYC BOARD

This year's Board of Directors comprises 10 individuals involved in the visual arts, performing arts and arts education, as well as arts advocacy, patronage and collecting.

PLEASE WELCOME OUR NEW BOARD MEMBERS:

DAVE HANSON worked in the building trades for many years. He moved in 1985 to Yamhill County, where he and his wife bought property and began building a house. In 2007, he was seduced by the experience of playing with copper sheets and a hammer, and began to call himself a coppersmith. He has been a participating artist in the Art Harvest Studio Tour since 2007, and currently serves on the Executive Committee. Dave is on the Yamhill County Parks and Recreation Board, co-founder of the Cheahmill Chapter of the Native Plant Society of Oregon, and a member of the board of the Yamhill Watershed Stewardship Fund.

MELINDA MOOREFIELD is a certified school librarian who has worked in the Amity School District for nearly 30 years. For the past five years, she has supervised two periods of high school visual arts. She also sponsors an art club for middle school students. Melinda is a founding member of the Arts Conspiracy, a summer art program for children that is preparing for its 13th year of classes.

ROBIN PEDERSON is in her 29th year of teaching music, and just completed her fifth year in the McMinnville School District, where she teaches choir, strings and guitar at McMinnville High School. This year she is also serving as the coordinator of music in the school district. Robin is a music adjudicator and choir conductor in communities throughout the Northwest. She is a graduate of Pacific Lutheran University and holds a Master's in choral conducting from Portland State University. Robin is a member of McMinnville Cooperative Ministries, where she directs the choir, and she also is an owner of Wednesday Wines, a wine shop on Third Street in McMinnville.

GAIL WATSON, a native Oregonian, moved to Newberg 10 years ago after spending 15 years on the west side of Puget Sound. While she worked for various businesses as an employee, Gail always had a "side business" doing something creative by pursuing interests in commercial art, painting and drawing, and mixed media. For 12 years, she sold functional, hand-thrown pottery at weekend shows. For the past five years, she has operated a design, print and production business for individuals, small businesses and self-publishing authors. Gail is an active member of the Chehalem Valley Chamber of Commerce, the Newberg Downtown Coalition, the Newberg First Friday ArtWalk Committee, and Women of Purpose, Intl, a ministry to widows, orphans and families.

RICHARD WEED majored in zoology and minored in art in college. His professional career was in human genetics at a research facility in New York City. Along with research, he managed the graphics and display department. Richard also established an in-house art gallery, exhibiting local art as a workplace enrichment for human resources. As an art collector, Richard actively supports his belief that local artists are important to the health of their communities. He serves on the board of the McMinnville Rotary Club, where he coordinates the international youth exchange program and chairs the art acquisition for the "Uncorked" Wine and Art auction.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

BY LISA WEIDMAN

Dear Arts Alliance members and friends of the arts,

Before I look forward, I'd like to thank all those members and friends who contributed to the wonderful events we produced and sponsored this past spring.

Kelli Grinich coordinated another successful Paper Gardens Literary Contest. More than 140 friends and family gathered to hear the winners read their work.

The Terroir Creative Writing Festival, chaired by Barbara Drake and Emily Chadwick, was a big hit again this year, bringing together more than 125 writers, editors and avid readers for workshops and lectures on the craft and readings by renowned authors.

Brian and Susie Steffel hosted the first of our Meet the Artist dinners, featuring painter James Dowlen. The intimate dinner for eight was an entertaining and enlightening evening for all, and raised funds to support the student awards, grants and programs of the Arts Alliance.

The Arts Alliance participated in McMinnville's UFO Festival with a booth offering festival-goers the materials to make their own alien headwear. Gail Watson coordinated the effort, and a number of board members contributed materials and staffed the booth, along with a group of Mac High students, who were a big help on parade day.

The Education Committee, chaired by Beth Thompson, selected the winners of our annual high-school arts awards and Marg Johansen college scholarship, which was given to Gregory Morgan of Dayton High School, a musician who plans to attend Clackamas Community College for two years and then transfer to George Fox University, majoring in music and science education.

Meanwhile, the artists who participate in the Art Harvest Studio Tour and program coordinator Tina Enomoto have been hard at work raising funds for the operation and promotion of the Tour. If you haven't already made a contribution, I encourage you to fill out the donation form that came with the previous issue of this newsletter and mail it in with a check. Your donation will help keep this jewel of a program shining. And be sure to mark your calendar for the first two weekends in October.

The summer will be almost as active for the Arts Alliance. On July 16, Ed Gans and I will host the second Meet the Artist dinner at our house in the Dundee Hills, featuring landscape painter Dee Boyles, and on Aug. 19, Cindy Stinson-Chennell and Chris Chennell will host a dinner featuring a lamb roasted over an open fire at their McMinnville home. Tickets are \$60 per person per dinner. To purchase tickets, please contact Ken Myers at 503-883-4674 or rocketscientist53@comcast.net.

The Arts Alliance is again supporting the Plein-Air Paint-Out and Art Show at the Yamhill Lavender Festival. The juried exhibit of paintings made in the lavender fields of Yamhill County will be on display (and for sale) at Beulah Park in Yamhill on July 9 and 10.

That same weekend, the Arts Alliance and the Art Harvest Studio Tour will co-sponsor an artists' demonstration booth in the Artists' Village in the Oak Grove at Linfield College. The event will feature more than 50 artists' booths, live entertainment and food. Former AAYC board member and clay sculptor Mike Santone is coordinating the demonstration booth.

Speaking of the Oak Grove, we are working with the Rotary Club of McMinnville to schedule local music groups to perform before some of the headline acts in the Rotary's Summer Concert Series in the Oak Grove in July and August.

Finally, I'd like to tell you about some changes in our all-volunteer newsletter staff. Yan Ardianto, the designer and production manager of this newsletter for nearly three years, has stepped down. We were lucky to have board member Gail Watson volunteer to take Yan's place, starting with this issue. Steve Long, who has served as the editor of the Quarterly for the past four years, will step down after this issue. (Any good editors out there? If so, please notify the board at info@artsallianceyamhillco.org.) Our heartfelt thanks to Yan and Steve for all of the time and energy they put into this newsletter.

Here's to a creative summer!

Lisa Weidman, Board President
Arts Alliance of Yamhill County



AAYC QUARTERLY | *Summer* 2011

Arts Alliance of Yamhill County
PO Box 898 | McMinnville, OR 97128
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SAVE THE DATE

JULY 9-10	YAMHILL - LAVENDER FESTIVAL LINFIELD'S OAK GROVE - ARTISTS' VILLAGE
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